Volume LIX CHICAGO, MAY 2, 1907 Number 9

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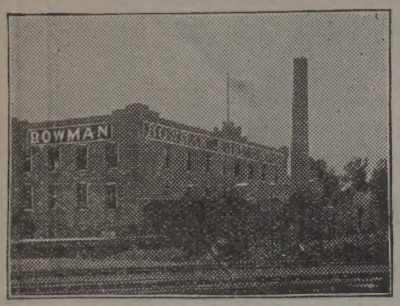

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VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907 NUMBER 9

THE MESSAGE OF THE BLOOD-ROOT.

In vain I searched over the bare, brown earth,
Of ice and snow and cold there'd been no dearth,
Long time about the leafless road I beat
Where Winter stern had stamped his frozen feet.
What bloom or bud might dare to venture out?
What green thing, still unkilled, is left to sprout?
Alas! Grim Death, the conqueror art thou;
To thy dread yoke we all, in truth, must bow.

So did I sigh, with downcast, sorrowing look,
When straight before me, by the purling brook,
Fair, spotless Blood-root, I did thee descry,
And thy white petals charmed my wondering eye.
Ah! what a glory starred the barren ground!
What pearls of beauty gleamed and glowed around!
And in the pure, fresh joy that filled my heart
Doubt and despair, rebuked, did soon depart.

Yes, sweet apostle of dame Nature's creed,
Open to us thy gracious message. Lead
Our hearts from vain distrust to hope and cheer.
Sing the new light that springs from every bier.
Out of the root of blood blooms the sweet flower,
Out of each vital hurt comes some grand power.
'Tis night's dark gloom that shows the starry skies.
From mangled form the radiant Christ doth rise.
Some healing balm rewards each biting pain,
For every wound some victor's palm we gain.

Such is life's training. Here in tears we sow;
Yonder's the harvest flesh can never know.
As Mother Nature uses not deceit
With loyal sons, deem not thy hope a cheat.
As God is truth, and his truth love, we must
Our higher instincts ever firmly trust.
Work with thy God. Forward His righteous plan.
With heaven's breath, fill thy soul, O struggling man,
Then joyfully in him, your friend, believe;
The faithful Friend who never did deceive;
That Friend whose gifts precede both prayer and need;
Whose facts divine do all our dreams exceed.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

Apropos of Maarten Maarten's estimate of Edgar Allan Poe, referred to in another note, the *Literary Digest* calls attention to the fact that Poe's grave in the Western Presbyterian churchyard of Baltimore is a neglected spot and commends a movement to build an adequate memorial over his grave in celebration of the centenary of his birth, which will occur January 19, 1909. Was Lord Tennyson right when in 1885, as quoted by the *Literary Digest*, he said:

"Your Bryant, Whittier and others are pigmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America. No poet, certainly no modern poet, was so susceptible to the impressions of beauty as Poe. He had all the Greeks' appreciation of beauty and much of their power in expressing it in poetry. His grave is hallowed ground, a pilgrim shrine, a Mecca of the mind."

One of the most pleasing events of the season at the Lincoln Centre was a recent dramatic rendering of Longfellow's "Judas Maccabaeus." The Classes in Religion of All Souls Church have been studying the Maccabean period and the literature of the "Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testaments" all the season, and the children who listened as well as those who took part were profoundly impressed with the spirit of the drama. The costuming was simple but effective. The lines were rendered, with scarcely any omission, on Sunday afternoon to a well filled house. The drama was rendered in about forty minutes. We make this editorial mention of the event hoping that other Sunday Schools will be tempted to go and do likewise. This and other experiences at the Abraham Lincoln Centre amply prove that it takes no more work to render a classic than it does to render the silly, trifling dramas that generally attract amateurs, and of course it is very much more worth while. This is one way in which the pulpit and the stage may touch elbows with great advantage to all concerned. Let the church encourage the doing of things that are worth while.

We have again recently had opportunities of seeing "ourselves as others see us." W. T. Stead has been in Chicago again. Mr. Stead has sharp eyes and he does not hesitate to declare what his eyes do see. After fifteen years' absence he is not much gratified with the progress made here. He is disappointed in not finding a beautiful park on the lake shore. The elevated railways and their terrible "loop" are a distress to him, as well they might be. He visited the old haunts described in his "If Christ Came to Chicago," and finds some improvement; but the Harrison Street Police Station is still an atrocity. But he is hopeful for America, and his appeal which he is carrying to the student bodies to take the initiative in the international peace movement is as complimentary as it is earnest and definite. Maarten Maartens, the distinguished Dutch author and internationalist, was a hurried visitor to Chicago last week, but he has not yet given us the benefit of his observations. It is interesting to note that one of his disappointments was that he could find no one who could tell him where Edgar Allan Poe lies buried. It will be a surprise to the friends of literature at home to know that to this master writer of Holland Poe's "true position is at the head of American literature," and he thinks that the sharpening of the critical faculty among Americans is extending the circle of those in America who agree with him.

"Shall We Have a Brotherhood?" This is the caption of a note in the *Congregationalist* urging the organization of the men of the Congregational churches. A "Baptist brotherhood," a "Presbyterian brotherhood," seem to be already well under way. In due time we may expect to hear of an "Unitarian brotherhood," a "Universalist brotherhood," and a "Methodist brotherhood." It seems to be the next "wave" in order. The fertility of the Protestant sects in the way of reënforcing themselves with collateral organizations is great. For the purpose of strengthening the church have the Christian Endeavors, Young People's Unions, Epworth Leagues, Women's Alliances, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, W. C. T. U.'s and numberless other orders been called into being. Each of these has set itself to some fractional task which belongs to the church, and doubtless has accomplished much good. But in the main these "reënforcement" corps have been formed of material withdrawn from the main line, and sometimes, obviously, instead of adding strength from without it distracts the forces within. It suggests the old anomaly of the man lifting himself by his boot tops. The value of organization is obvious; the need of organization is imperative; but the danger of organizations is not so obvious, they deepen the lines that ought to be obliterated, confirm the distinctions that ought to be outgrown. These benign movements are too often found putting new rivets in the dogmatic shackles in place of those strained and broken by the malign forces of bigotry and dogmatic rivalry. The word "brotherhood" is a noble one to conjure with; a brotherhood of Congregational ministers is an inspiring thing to contemplate; a BROTHERHOOD of MINISTERS is more inspiring. With all your inventiveness, brother editors, can you not project a "BROTHERHOOD" that will cross out the silly lines that segregate those who ought to be aggregated in conscious masses to throw themselves against a common foe?

"I do not want a collection! God forbid!" These were the words spoken by Mr. Stead at the Peace meeting in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. building last Sunday afternoon. His scheme for the raising of an adequate fund to send a proper American embassy on a pilgrimage of peace to the capitals of Europe was to arouse the student body of America to assess themselves 50 cents apiece, which would result in an abundant fund. The practicability of the pilgrimage we will discuss at another time. Here we command the sagacity that discovers the inadequacy of the church "collection." Two great financial superstitions handicap the modern church worker, viz., the superstition that gathers around the "collection basket" and the "ticket peddler." The faith of church trustees in "collections well managed" and of church women in the industry of ticket peddling is as touching as it is ill-founded. The "basket" is the escape for an easy conscience, and a lecture, concert or church dinner is the snare of the willing woman. The basket allows a man to put in his dime or his nickel for the cause which demands his ten and hundred dollar subscription. He is glad to relieve himself, by a little silver, of the obligation that should be counted in gold. And the woman who thinks she has served the financial problem in hand when she has "tried to sell tickets" but failed is the victim of a feminine delusion too prevalent. The churches ought to be ashamed to sustain activities or to represent causes that do not justify direct appeal and deliberate investments. And those to whom public sentiment and individual conviction present these claims should meet them in the same way they meet all other obligations of life. If they admit that these intangible commodities are valuable to serve the community and the world, they should be paid for and supported with the same promptness and frankness that the grocer, the tailor, and the milliner are paid. The men and women who promptly pay their "dues" to the club, school and theater, apologize, beg, and beat their way through the privileges and the duties of church and Sunday School and the social, educational and spiritual obligations connected therewith. We do not object to the "baskets"; they serve a democratic purpose; but they are no substitute for more business-like methods of asking and receiving a legitimate proportion from the owners of pocketbooks to the furtherance of these high causes and the securing of these great advantages.

The title "New Theology" is again receiving much attention at the hands of the religious press and pulpit on both sides of the Atlantic, the Rev. R. J. Campbell's book of this name being the immediate contention. The Unitarian, Universalist, progressive Jew and the uncounted Independents, in the pulpit and out of it, the "cultivated" men, the "business" men and the devotee of common sense who have a religion of their own, may well resent the implication in the word "New." To such there is nothing new or startling in Mr. Campbell's contention. Certainly the readers of Martineau, Channing, Theodore Parker and Emerson, aye, the careful student of the old Hebrew prophets, the major lights of Jewry, the Man of Nazareth included, know perfectly well that this new theology has been a continuous inspiration in the world to many minds for a long while, and still, the shock, the excitement, the discussion which it has provoked justifies the word "new" to many, many minds. The fact is, the old elements in this new religion have been so overlaid by the delusions of creeds and the formulas of conventions, they have been so obscured that many minds have lost sight of their essential quality. But the *Literary Digest* for April 27 gives an interesting array of opinions concerning this book, 20,000 copies of which were sold in ten days. There is a real truth in the claim of the *London Telegraph* that "this is not a restatement of Christian religion but a new religion which, if it be true, will prove epoch-marking." The

Christian World of London (Congregational) says: "It bases theology on the facts of life, not on ingenious mosaics of texts." Dr. Fairbairn says: "He has flashes of insight, and nothing marks this insight more than the fact that he sees the attitude of the masses to so-called Christian thought." But while he thanks him "for raising so fundamental a controversy," he also justifies his phrase, "a farrago of nonsense." The newness in this book is the spirit of independence that dares, inside the circle of orthodoxy, to challenge time-honored creeds; to state in public speech and print what is so complacently taken for granted in private thought, that when theology comes in conflict with science, science will triumph; and when ecclesiasticism interferes with the tendency to unity and coöperation in the interest of the great faiths and tasks, old and new, ecclesiasticism must go to the wall. Progress comes not by tinkering of creeds but by the gracious interment of the same, rearing over them respectful monuments by the roadside over which humanity moves forward to its larger faith, its sweeter trust, its ever widening fellowship. This book by the English preacher and the discussion springing therefrom all make for a spiritual courage that will enable men in the pulpit and out of it to recognize the growing unity, the divine oneness of man with nature, men with each other, and man and nature with God.

"Practical Sagacity" Versus "Barren Protest"

The *Outlook* for April 27 devotes five columns of its space to a justification of the submissive policy of Berea College, which has bowed to the legal dictum of the state of Kentucky; or this dictum backed, to quote the *Outlook,* "by the dominant sentiment of the South, which is against co-education of the races, not only in the public schools but in all schools." Berea College in accepting this dictum, though not without continued protest and still a more or less active legal contention, yields, according to the *Outlook,* "not merely to a sentiment but to a need." And so it is in search of a four-hundred-thousand-dollar fund to set up a separate institution for the negro. This is called by the writer in question "Practical Sagacity," while the recent declaration of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, "Better that the institution dedicated to equal rights by its founders should be untenanted than flourish as a monument to subservience," is called by the *Outlook* "a Barren Protest."

We do not care to enter into further discussion of the painful question at Berea. UNITY has already expressed its disappointment and distress over this decision. While entertaining profound admiration for Dr. Frost, the president of the institution, and not doubting the integrity of his associates in the faculty and on the board of trustees, fully recognizing the complexity of the situation, we cannot look upon their surrender of this *principle* and acceptance of the *expedient* rather than the ideal, as a calamity, a painful sign of the times. It indicates the pervading philosophy of the day which, in business circles and church circles, measures movements and motives by immediate results rather than by their relations to the eternal right.

We resent the implication that that protest can be "barren" that prefers to obey an unrighteous law by accepting the penalty, passively submitting to the interdict, rather than accepting its dictum, belying conviction in the interest of expediency. If Jesus had had a little "practical sagacity" he might have easily avoided the cross. The United States was full of men and newspapers that avoided the dangers and the practical disadvantages of Garrison and Phillips, of Fee, Rogers, and the other founders of Berea College. Whatever the technical charter and legal points may be, it is the most obvious fact that Berea came into existence as a protest against slavery, as a demonstration of the negro's right to a place among men, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were thrown into its coffers, in hard times, and from comparatively poor men's pockets. They did it that this one object lesson south of the Ohio might be maintained on the danger line. And now, forty years after the war, when the age of anti-slavery martyrs has gone by, when, spite of the sensational clamor and the biased prejudices north and south, the colored man is winning his way into posts of honor in all the ranks of life; when the colored student is holding his own and sometimes winning his way to the top in Harvard, Yale, Cornell and the other great universities and colleges of the north, inflamed prejudice in Kentucky has enacted that this realized justice north of the Ohio river and demonstrated success at this one point, at least, south of the Ohio, must cease. "Practical sagacity," which is the spirit of commercialism, the logic of materialism, has triumphed over "the barren protest" which would respectfully close the doors of a great and benignant institution, "By order of the legislature and Governor of the great State of Kentucky!" Thrown out under this interdict, faculty and endowment fund might be wisely diverted to the great opportunities already devolped by Berea, of out-door missionary work, educational wagons, county and other conventions, lectureships, home demonstrations in domestic science and manual training,—anywhere and everywhere the good work could go on with scarcely a diminution of educational potency and with an immense increase of spiritual power.

On the passage of this law of Kentucky there were but two lines open to the college management: one, the line just indicated,—accept the dictum; obey the law, passively accepting the penalty imposed upon its advanced position, but hold to its educational commission; conserve its funds; save its buildings; use them, so far as the law would permit, on old lines, and bide their time, be it one or one hundred years, before Kentucky would be ashamed of its provincialism and its dogmatism, and with its own hands would cut

the thongs with which it bound its noblest child, its most prophetic educational institution.

The other line feasible was to continue the school for the benefit of one or the other of the challenged classes. This it did, and it chose to continue it in the interest of the whites, because they were more numerous and more needy (!); while the negro, the object of this unjust legislation, the butt of this unholy prejudice, which loads the aspiring and worthy elements of the race with not only the degradation and violence of the lower strata of their own people, but with the whole weight of the damnable inheritance which slavery has transmitted to the white man, must be provided for elsewhere. If the prophetic spirit of Berea had listened to its old-time faith in "barren protests," it would have tearfully said to the white pupils, the more needy children of the mountains,—"Your great Mother, the State of Kentucky, has compelled us to close the doors against you. You have friends at court; you must look to them for relief in this hour of your great dismantling. Whenever the State of Kentucky sees fit to restore to you your privileges, you will find our doors open to receive you and glad hands and warm hearts ready to welcome you. Meanwhile we must be true to the divine contention to which Berea in its infancy was dedicated; it must not be disloyal to its holy baptism."

We realize that we are writing what will seem perhaps to most of our readers the logic of fanaticism. The "spirit of the times," in politics, in business, in church creeds and pulpit utterances, distrusts any devotion to *principle* that leads to defeat and engenders *unpopularity;* nay, would deny the word "principle" to that which leads to *disaster.*

Can an heroic protest, the Quaker attitude, which prefers to endure the penalty of a wrong law to obeying such law and thus indirectly sanctioning and cooperating with the wrong, be barren? We doubt if any righteous protest can be *"barren,"* and perhaps we doubt if in the vocabulary of God's prophets in moments of supreme test, there is any room for *"practical sagacity."*

The *primary* question which presents itself to the Berea administration is not how to bring schoolroom privileges to the mountain whites or to the Kentucky negro, but rather, will they give over, for pedagogical reasons, the old battle for equal rights, spite of difference of color?

Apropos to this discussion, we commend to our readers the second article by Ray Stannard Baker in the *American Magazine* for May, on "The Clash of Races in a Southern State." The "Jim Crow" car in the cities of the south is bad enough, as one sees in this article, but "Jim Crow" colleges are worse. Once there was a noble school in Kentucky that was allied to the greatest educational institutions in the country. So great are they that the young white men and women of the South flock to their lecture halls; a "Southern Club" of 400 members rejoices in the privileges of the Chicago University, where there are no "Jim Crow" provisions for the colored students. They sit alongside of these southern boys in the lecture halls of the University of Chicago and compete with them for its honors. But now, this one noble institution, literally consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, has accepted the dictum of the state legislature of Kentucky and is proceeding to provide a "Jim Crow" attachment to the heroic institution.

Doubtless by this arrangement the multiplication table and the spelling book will reach more colored students and more white students than under the old arrangement. There will be more and perhaps better instruction, but less education. A light has gone out on the hills; a beacon is dimmed, if not extinguished.

So we must believe in the educational power of "protests" in the interest of righteousness more than in the "practical sagacity" that waits upon the prejudices of the day and caters to the demands of the hour instead of abiding by the decisions of the Almighty and resting content in the decrees of eternity. We may not calculate results; they are too complicated; but we can distinguish between the right and the wrong of it, here and now, to a degree. When the right is apprehended, the only "safe" thing is to stand by the right and,—with *God be the rest.*

The Old Doctor's Poem

Dr. J. M. Matthews, of Reading, Pa., recently read at a banquet of the Berks Medical Society the following poem, which, both because of the age of the author and the intrinsic value of the poem, we think will be appreciated by our readers. Dr. Matthews was born in 1817 and graduated from the Jefferson Medical College in 1840.

I'm very old yet would not die,
And have my bones in slumber lie,
Until I know some things are done
Whose doing is but just begun.
I'd like to know our eastern sea
Had kissed her western majesty
At Panama and Colon's gate,
And let our ships, both small and great,
Pass through Dame Nature's narrow strait.
Would then I die? Not yet, not yet!
My heart on other themes is set.
I'd like to see the airships fly
Athwart the clear or cloudy sky,
With or against all winds that blow,
With or against all rains or snow;
Sailing through the angry clouds,
Bearing safely human crowds
From place to place, from town to town,
Now high aloft, now coming down,
Now taking on, now letting go
Its hurrying crowds bent to and fro.
I tell you, Cap., I must be there,
By two o'clock, I must be there,
Some hours ahead of that slow poke
That belches forth its cinder smoke—
The iron horse whose murderous noise
Kills off the sick, the well annoys.
Some better is the trolley ride;
Ten times as good the airship's glide.
And then you'd willing die? Not I:
You soon shall see when I would die.
I want to see all warring cease.
I want to see the reign of peace.
I want to see "Thy kingdom come,"
The thousand years millennium.
Then heaven will be upon this earth
And every creature have new birth.
Then, sure you'd willing die? But why
Would one in glory wish to die?
O wondrous, wondrous are to be
The achievements of futurity.

—*Illinois Medical Journal.*

THE PULPIT

The Way to Utopia

BY JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

PART III.

X. Things Most Needful.

Two things are everywhere needed to foster and hasten the progress of mankind: larger opportunity and nobler incentive. A chance to learn and to labor, on the one hand, and on the other a passion for knowledge, an ambition for excellence, a desire for property which carries with it a joy in work and the habit of thrift. One of the best illustrations and demonstrations of the great benefits flowing from enlarged opportunity is afforded by the wide distribution of land among the peasants of France at the time of the Revolution. The government made it possible for thousands of the common people to become small land owners. This is recognized as one of the most important measures ever carried forward by any modern nation. It was, however, not a socialistic measure, but the exact opposite. It emphasized individualism and private ownership. This is type and symbol of many things that the government may do to help men; not by *nationalizing* industries and turning everybody into cogwheels, but by making it easier to acquire and hold land, easier to build up a small business, easier to invest small savings safely. For instance, the state can take the burden of taxes off the poor and compel the rich to do their full share in support of public institutions; but this is not Socialism. Wise laws and public sentiment can do much to encourage the small shop-keeper without turning the whole city into a gigantic department store with innumerable evils.

But probably the greatest factor in the march forward is not after all the open door of opportunity, but the impelling motive. Without the push forward the open door is not entered; while, if the push forward is made, it will break open a door of opportunity somewhere,—a statement that finds confirmation in the careers of the thousands of young men who, though born in obscurity, have secured a college education, and of others, who, though born in abject poverty, have acquired large wealth. Even among the slums the first step upward and forward is, as a rule, the result of a nobler motive rather than a new position. For the new position, if secured, is not long held, unless a new spirit had previously come into the heart. The Wesleyan movement in England was a demonstration on a large scale that the best thing that can be done for the poor is increase of soul rather than increase of wage. The leaders of the Salvation Army, who are not indifferent to the material conditions of human life, tell us the same story: A new heart is more important than a larger salary. While contending that this is the true philosophy of human life, we must not lessen our efforts to provide better physical conditions and juster compensation for what are called "the masses." The church, in pleading for Inner Life as the principal thing, must not neglect to speak its powerful word of protest against oppression and injustice, and it must do all that it can to ameliorate the circumstances and enlarge the opportunities of those who toil.

The chief error in much that passes under the name of Socialism is found in the fact that it fails to look into the deep sources of human life. It is too much a gospel for the surface and for the moment. What a man as the child of the day most wants, and what that man as the heir of eternity most needs, are vastly different problems, and Socialism in urging him to bend every effort simply to possess the greater comfort diverts him from the larger and better life, which is enduring blessedness. It is not alone by making bread cheap, as beneficial as that may be, that anyone will really be made happy or noble. When we make sure that a man receives all that he earns, we have not thereby made sure that he is all that he ought to be. A change in our land system might be fruitful of good; but the deepest sources of the ills and evils of life lie in the human will, and no mere redistribution of property will ever give a single soul the power to resist temptation or to perform heroic deeds.

The dynamic characters of history whose praises are sweet to our lips are not explicable by reference to the material factors of human life. Civilization is no mere mechanism. That which makes a man civilized lies in the realm of spirit. The Way to Utopia is impeded, not so much by poverty in material things, as by littleness and perversity of soul. The interplay of food and offspring do not explain the events which illuminate and dominate human history, such as the voyage of the Mayflower and the Haystack Prayer-meeting at Williamstown.

XI. Led Astray by Herbert Spencer.

Although not the intent of his philosophy, nevertheless the indirect result of the teachings of Herbert Spencer, a powerful opponent of Socialism, has been that vast numbers of people have come to put a false estimate upon "the goods of life." The doctrine of Spencer is not really a theory of evolution, but a formula of degradation. He constantly tries to explain the higher in terms of the lower. He refers psychical processes to physical functions, moral sentiments to the instincts of animals, the heavenly hope of a Christ to the mistake of a savage respecting dreams and shadows. He traces conscience, not up to God, but down to the wiggle of a worm! He always asks us to look backward and find the explanation of spirit in mere things. He leads us down to a lower level to find the source of higher forms. He takes no account of "the creative increment." He leaves the "spiritual plus" unexplained; for his addition of material units does not explain what life is or how it evolves. What comes in to make the advance from a lower to a higher organism is something more than the mere addition of a few more units of the old sort.

Mr. Spencer's notable definition of life illustrates the fundamental defect of his teaching: "The definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, *in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences.*" These words do not describe or define *life*. They simply call attention to some of the accidents or relations of life. The formula is not only worthless but misleading. It pulls life down to mere "correspondences" and "sequences"; but what is it that *corresponds* and what is it that *flows through* these sequences? A little more complexity of *changes* does not explain the difference between crystal and jelly-fish. A more *heterogeneous* cerebral tissue does not explain the difference between Zulu and Saxon. Something new, "a creative increment," has come into the evolving life; it evolves because this inflow from above has occurred. But Spencer sees nothing of this: the living man at the top is traced backward to the elements and relations of the physical pedestal on which he stands. What is presented to us is not really a theory of evolution, but

a doctrine of degradation. The real *life* vanishes in its relations! A practical materialism.

It is into this method of thought, or mood of mind, so prominent among us in recent years, that much of our Socialism fits. As this philosophy refers our spiritual gifts to material factors, therefore those who hold it naturally claim that if man is given better industrial conditions all possible human worth and worthiness will follow. The assertion is constantly made that all the high, pure, and noble elements in human life will come to man if we provide him the right economic environment. A just distribution of property first, and then all the graces and virtues of life will abound. Of course, Spencer himself would never have said this; but by following his way of looking at life, referring the spiritual to the material, the ethical to the merely functional, thousands of people have come to feel that to secure human progress we must begin at "the property end." It is very natural that men, who have been taught to look upon evolution as simply an interplay of material factors, should straightway conclude that the highest human happiness must be reached solely through new industrial conditions. But these theories take no account of "the spirit of the living creature" within the wheels, which makes a multitude of people *a humanity* rather than a mere herd.

XII. Other Views of Property and Poverty.

It is often asserted that the Hebrew prophets were Socialists, because they indulged in most caustic denunciations of the rich. But the two classes of teachers, the ancients represented by Amos and Isaiah, and the moderns, represented by Karl Marx and Henry George, have only this in common: hatred of the corrupt rich. In all other respects those prophets took a view of life diametrically opposed to that advocated by modern Socialism. The prophets condemned the rich because they were cruel and corrupt. The Socialists condemn the rich because they possess what the poor need. The prophets called for obedience to God as the remedy of human ills. The Socialists demand a division of property as the panacea of all misfortunes. The prophets emphasized righteousness as the Way to Utopia. The Socialists claim that a reorganization of industries would produce universal happiness. The prophets saw that the problem of life is solved by and in the soul: it is a personal problem. The Socialists, as a rule, hold that human life depends very largely, if not wholly, upon material conditions: it is a problem of wages, income and rent. It surely needs no elaborate appeal to the common experiences of mankind to prove that the prophets were right and that the Socialists are wrong. Every household is, in these days, a living illustration of the fallacy of the latter, for doubling the servant's wages will not make her an angel or the home a paradise.

In this connection it is well to remember that poverty, instead of being considered the chief obstacle in the Way to Utopia, was long commended by the holy fathers of the church as the highway to heaven. While our Socialists hold that the unequal and unjust distribution of property is hell, it was once Christian teaching—not wholly abandoned even today—that the surrender of one's property is salvation. Many of those who have lived the happiest and most fruitful lives have taken the vow of poverty. Obviously both theories are imperfect, but the historic results of the commendation of poverty by the church are sufficient to warn us that it is not wise to expect too much from a mere redistribution of riches.

XIII. Inevitable Disappointment.

The Utopian dreams of Socialists, if they could be realized, would not give us a Utopia, for they do not take account of some of the most essential elements of human nature. When we have taken away his property and given it to others, we have not thereby turned the millionaire into a nobleman or the recipients of his money into saints. A drastic law or an economic system, which shall make it impossible for men to corner the market, will not place either speculator or producer or consumer within the gates of paradise. For paradise is first of all a condition of heart: it does not wait for crops and it does not follow the markets. It may exist where food is coarse and scarce; it never comes simply because luxuries abound or because men are at ease.

Even if a man makes two blades of grass grow where before only one grew, the exhortation of Carlyle, the extra grass-blade will not solve the deep problems of his life. It may make his cattle fatter, but will it make his life larger and nobler? No, indeed, for out of the heart, not out of fatted cattle, are the issues of life. Another blade of grass? Yes, by all means, for that is good, if used as means to nobler life. But just the grass-blade, or the millions of them upon a thousand acres, will not uproot the vice that kills or take away the heartache caused by a wayward daughter.

The same truth faces us when we go to the other extreme where poverty pinches. And the pinch of poverty is a real calamity in thousands of lives. Church and state may well unite, not only to stamp out pauperism, but to prevent the conditions that breed paupers. But what we see in nine cases out of ten as the real cause of distress, is not so much low wages or an unjust land system, as deficiency of life: weak will, disordered body, low vitality, feeble conscience, industrial incapacity.

What every charity worker deplores is not so much low wages as low life. The problem is human, not simply economic. There is no more necessity that we equalize *things* than that we equalize *knowledge*. There is, however, supreme need that we equalize opportunity for knowledge and for property, but on condition that both become the servants of life. We may well put a high value on these material conditions, which Socialism so over-emphasizes, and we may well demand a juster distribution of the goods of the world. But let us not be deceived. It is not by such means that a Paul is created, a Sistine Madonna painted, a Hamlet written, or a Washington produced.

(*To be continued.*)

Reconciliation

No man can climb so close to God
  But needeth to beseech Him,
Nor lapse so far to devilhood
  That mercy cannot reach him.
We stand, with all, on level ground,
  In equal human fashion,
Encompassed by the blue profound
  Of infinite compassion!

Shake hands then on the rusted swords,
  O blood-bedraggled nation!
Smite down the past with sweet accord
  Of reconciliation;
Walk brotherly and lovingly
  The upward paths of duty,
And let the kings and tyrants see
  A people's kingly beauty!

—*Richard Realf.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

The *Arena* for April gives us a thoroughly good article on the Abraham Lincoln Centre and its builder. Some of us are a little jealous of the sturdy and determined fellow, who has carried to its completion an idea that has been in the air for some little time back. We rejoice with him, with all our souls and minds and might, over the fact that he has touched the goal for commonsense Christianity. One more generation will see the end of these architectural monstrosities, which glorify our street corners with all sorts of funny combinations of the artistic and burlesque. Mr. Jones has given us a church that can pay its own way, that can fit itself to modern needs, and waste nobody's money. Such a church does not need pink teas and carnation dinners to pay its bills. Meanwhile it is adjusted to the poor as well as the rich; and to intellectual beings, with brains for use, as well as those who have pledged themselves not to think, but to accept. The article referred to tells a whole lot of good things, but anyone reading it would not hear the groans which I have heard from Brother Jones, along the pathway. In the same number of the *Arena* there is a very excellent discussion of municipal ownership. It ought to be read, just now, by all those who are feeling the influence of the argument against municipal ownership, published in every padded newspaper, and paid for by the railroads.

In the *Independent,* for April 4, there is one of the most startling articles ever published, written by a woman, to show why she has decided to have no children. After reading it I am still compelled to say, Get out of the city, live in the country, and have a house full of babies. At the same time I am aware of the fact that there is growing up a very erroneous notion that all these children must be taken away from their fathers and mothers just when they are of use about the house and farm and stuffed full of a great lot of facts which unfit them for farm life and fit them only for being packed away into cities. Let us have more country homes; more family instruction; more responsibility on the part of fathers and mothers; more boys and girls educated to think, and to do, rather than to know what other people have thought and done.

In *Everybody's Magazine,* for April, you should read an article on J. J. Hill, the railroad genius. I hope that at the next election we shall have Mr. Hill nominated for President. His commanding intellect not only enables him to finance great railroad schemes but to comprehend the great economic questions of the day. We have elected lawyers and politicians to rule us long enough. We are now in the age of industrialism, and industrialism should claim its right to rule. I sincerely think that we have not one other man in the United States so capable of leading us out of bondage as Mr. J. J. Hill—a man with so deep a sympathy with the people, and so thorough a reverence for truth, and yet capable of handling capital—a not one-sided man.

We are in receipt from Harper Bros. of a volume entitled "Nature's Craftsmen." It is one of those unique and happy volumes that come from the pen of Dr. Henry C. McCook. The doctor has been before UNITY readers so long as author of that splendid novel, "The Latimers," that they will be surprised that he goes back to his old field of Nature study. He will be welcome in either field. This volume is peculiarly well adapted for family reading, and will be a decided acquisition to anyone who wishes to find just the book to keep his boy or girl busy and out of mischief. If you can waken a taste, or rather do not suppress the natural taste of a child for this sort of Nature study, you have saved him, almost without question. He will probably go to church in the field, and hear the trees and the bees, and the butterflies and the bugs preach, and will not have quite as much liking for the preaching of folk who only understand supernature. But let him alone. The grace of God hides under a violet leaf, and waits for the boy in the birds' nests. It is a great mistake to suppose that God will not tell the truth except through ministers that have been ordained with oil or the hands of bishops.

One so seldom, in these days, comes upon a book of pure literature, that an old-fashioned scholar will be delighted to get hold of a sample of the sort, recently published by McClure, Phillips & Co., of New York. This firm has excellent good taste in what it puts on the market. "From King to King," a tragedy, partly in verse and partly in prose, is by G. Lowes Dickinson. Mr. Dickinson undertakes to illuminate history by sketching salient events in the form of tragedy or dialogue. These sketches, as they might be called, form a whole series, and a thoroughly connected set of historic passages. We begin with a scene in the Tower of London between Eliot and Hampden. Then we have Laud and Chillingworth; then Strafford and his former tutor; then Milton and Lord Falkland; and the King with his groom of the Chamber; then Cromwell; and lastly Sir Harry Vane on the Scaffold. The style is brilliant and picturesque; and historically the scenes are correct. It is a book one cannot review, only to say of it that it is one of the gems of recent literature. Speaking of Laud, Hampden is made to say, "That little choleric man would stamp his fretful likeness on a nation."

From Little, Brown & Co. I have "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," by Eliza Calvert Hall. This novel is in reality a running comment on the absurdities of modern religious life. It is not, however, a rude criticism, but a kindly illumination of our foolishness. It is something a good deal more than a novel; it is also a sort of memoriter of old times, when life was simpler, and possibly sweeter. If you will read the chapter "Milly Baker's Boy" you will feel that you are doing even more; that is, reading a poem. In fact, the whole book is a poem. I am going to read it through once more, and shall not put it on the shelf where I pile the novels that are to be given away.

From Scribner's I get a pretty good novel, entitled "Prophets Landing," by Edwin Asa Dix. I do not count it as a work of genius, and hardly worth the while; however it is not to be reckoned among the trash, or thrown into the rubbish pile. It makes tolerably good reading for a tired hour, and the aim of the novel is good. We have, however, too many of these novels with a sporadic purpose of reforming the world. Mr. Dix has a standard of business morals that eats very sharply into all forms of competition. For the most part he is right; sometimes not right.

E. P. POWELL.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A Free Synagogue

It is manifest to every student of the deep problems of life that the church has come to a crisis in its history where it must fight for its very life. Assured by these has been and is a real ethical revival sweeping over the country, of a character and power that presages great achievements, but it is not so manifest just what the church will have to do with the reconstruction or the reconstructed life. Some religious leaders are awake to the signs of the times and are bringing their churches into practical touch with this moral renaissance. Some men are doing mighty things for the salvation of the church by demanding that church or synagogue devote itself unreservedly to the redemption af the earth, the moral regeneration of mankind. One of these men is Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York City, of whose work in establishing a Free Synagogue not a little has appeared in the public press. We are privileged to quote briefly from different addresses by Dr. Wise:

The free synagogue will not knowingly or willingly antagonize any section or faction in Jewry. Its offices will be not to oppose, but to coöperate; not to antagonize, but to reinforce; not to deny, but to affirm; not to destroy and overthrow, but to plant and upbuild. The appeal of the free synagogue is designed primarily to reach those without synagogue anchorage, and there are tens of thousands of such persons in this section of our great city, in proof of which note the trebling of the Jewish population in twenty years and the standstill and worse of Jewish congregational life. The appeal of the free synagogue is, however, to all Jews who will in good time be reached, as the synagogue of the city, state and nation come to be influenced by the persuasiveness of the ideals of the free synagogue. . . .

Ritualism, elaborate, ornate, cathedralized, is not of the essence of the free synagogue. Prayer and aspiration are, but not prayer petrified into soulless ritualism. Which, think you, is further removed from native Jewish ideals, the coming together on the Sabbath day of the High Church Jewish wing, with endless song and liturgy and genuflection, and with barely a word touching the things—the vital things for which the synagogue stands; and that word minimized in every way—or an assembly of Jewish men and women, meeting together on the one day in the week on which men and women can meet together, to renew their loyalty to the Jewish bond, to reassert their resolution to carry out the obligations of the Jewish mission?

We have not merely given the Sabbath to the world, but we seem to have given it away so generously that we have little or none of it left for ourselves. Because we cannot have the seventh-day Sabbath shall we have no Sabbath? Even though the earliest observance of the first day Sabbath was anti-Jewish in character, shall we forever refrain from meeting for worship on that day, which in this land and in all European lands is the legal day of rest? If the Jews could and would quite generally, and they neither can nor will, observe the Sabbath, it would still be the duty of the synagogue to proclaim the message of the Jew to men on the one day of the week in which it is possible to reach them. If we must sacrifice the form of the Sabbath, we will conserve its substance. If we must surrender the letter of the Sabbath observance, we will retain and magnify the spirit of Sabbath aspiration and Sabbath consecration.

The free synagogue will be free from pews and the pew system, supported not by fixed dues and assessments, but solely by voluntary contributions, with membership free and open to the smallest contributors upon equal terms with the largest, with membership and office holding free and open to women equally with and on the same terms as men. The free and pewless synagogue will stand for freedom, hospitality, inclusiveness, brotherhood and will thereby seek to reassert the democratic ideal of Israel. A real peril to the fast waning influence of church and synagogue inheres in the present system of church membership, which gives countenance to the widespread notion that the churches are dominated by the rich, that the church has no message or apostleship to the poor, that the ministers are among the paid lackeys of the wealthy and powerful classes, that the churches are the stronghold and support of plutocracy. The free synagogue, the free church, illustrates the application of the ideals of religion to the affairs of daily life.

As for the pulpit of the free synagogue and the man who is to stand therein, preaching to my people in Portland for the first time seven years ago, I said, "My pulpit must be free," and it was free. One year ago, preferring hard liberty to the easy yoke of servile pomp, I said to a group of men proffering me the pulpit of the congregation they represented, "If I accept a call to your pulpit, it must be free and unmuzzled." What followed is known to you. This day it is not needful to say that the pulpit of the synagogue we are to found shall be free, for my co-founders will ever be jealous of its freedom as am I.

The free synagogue will present the teachings of Judaism in the light of today, added to the light of yesterday. The slogan of the free synagogue will be, "Reverence for, but not in bondage to, the past." In order to be true to the great leaders of the Jewish reformation in the last century we, who have taken up "the task eternal and the burden and the lesson," must recognize and proclaim that the Jewish reformation was not an isolated act or a series of acts, but is a continuing, never-ending process. Petrified reform may fittingly be placed by the side of ossified orthodoxy in the museum of religious antiquities, but there is a Jewish reformation that is not dead, that has but begun to live.

The inexorable moral imperative is the essential of the synagogue, and this essential will be the core of the teaching of the free synagogue. No need to go outside of the synagogue for ethical teaching, for the gospel of right living. The holiness prescribed by Israel was not a virtue to be attained apart from the world. Holiness was the virtue and habit of men living in the midst of the world, not the piety of a cloistered individual, but the consecration of the man living out his whole life in right relations to his fellow men. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; thou shalt love the stranger as thyself; these were the imperative, if not the beatitudes of Israel.

The recognition of social righteousness, of social justice, as the supreme aim of the church, will determine the character of the philanthropic or institutional effort of the free synagogue. Not charity, but social service, building upon the rock of social justice, will be the watchword of the free synagogue. This is the Messiahism of Israel—not the race redeemed by the death of One, but the race self-redeemed by the life of all. . . .

The preacher of every age is in peril of degenerating into a mere social appendage, something between an agreeable social convenience, such as is the chauffeur, and a stern social necessity, such as is the policeman. An overpastorized congregation, like pasteurized milk, is likely to be safe, but likelier still to be weak and ineffectual.

It is not enough that the preacher be a truth-seeker in his study; but must be the truth-speaker in his pulpit. Truth is not like dynamite, so dangerous to handle that it must be dealt with gingerly and fearfully. The assumption of the church and the world alike that the pulpit is to dole out truth in microscopic portions suited to the limited digestive capacity of men, is responsible for the multiplied concealments and evasions and subterfuges, which almost make the church a thing of lies instead of the guardian of inviolable truth.

The supreme service of the preacher to his age is to preach righteousness. In so far as the pulpit is not free, it cannot and does not preach righteousness mightily.

Religion is on trial in the world today. If it make not resistlessly for righteousness, it is doomed. The church and the synagogue must help men to holy living rather than fit them for holy dying, must establish the kingdom of heaven on earth here and now.

Dr. Wise thus outlines the purposes of the new synagogue:

That fundamental principles of the free synagogue have remained unassailed—because unassailable. No severer indictment of the free synagogue has been drawn than is applied in the terms of the street—imprudent, inexpedient, impractical. We have only to ask ourselves, are its premises true? If they are, our duty is clear. The inescapable inference is to be drawn. The work demands to be done. Though the doubters of a day deny, though men "stand fixed and immovable by the narrow Jordan of old time," the Holy Land of the wider vision and the larger hope summons us. The cry of

innovator, reformer, is not to be feared by those who know, as we know, that the spirit of the synagogue is in sore need of renewal and restoration. Every step in the world's pathway of progress has been taken by those whom their fellows have decried as innovators and changelings. Let us obey the voice of the poet who, though he walked in darkness, beheld a great light, "Let no step of thine recede."

I would have the synagogue and church something more than a marriage and burial society, a religious bureau of vital statistics, a social club. If the gravely imperilled moral supremacy of church and synagogue is to be wholly regained, these must again stand for the realities of moral influence and moral compulsion. Church and synagogue will deal with present day problems in a supremely moral way or they will cease to be. Whatever other churches may or may not be, the synagogue was ever the center of the life of the Jew; if it is to live, it must again touch life at every point. It must again become effective, as were its prophets of old, in ethicizing the life of the individual, in fortifying the social bond, in promoting social and industrial justice, in furthering national and international righteousness.

In name the church is a censor of the world and its ways. If the church is to surrender this high office, it were better that the church should cease to be. For under the sanction of the church's silence the world assumes that things are as they ought to be. If the church will not and cannot socialize the conscience of men, let it forever pass. A fortnight ago the sum of $10,000, since doubled, was sent by the American people to the starving millions of Russia—the gift of not more than five or six hundred contributions throughout the land. One day of the same week saw a sum of money twenty times as large paid by a handful of people in this city for the pleasure of occupying seats at one of the opera houses next winter. Millions for our own pleasures and luxuries and occasionally a pittance for the needs of others! And the churches will smile in approval at this faint and unabiding pretense of love. When the provisions of the newly created Sage Foundation make clear, as they needs must, the inefficiency and the insufficiency of all measures and methods of relief—short of justice—will the churches still be satisfied to build the dikes against a sea of misery, as much to shut it out from the sensitive sight of the fortunate as to narrow its sway?

In pleading for the moral and spiritual supremacy of the church and synagogue I am not covetous of power for its own sake. I am, I confess, possessed by the need of relating synagogue and church to life, to the social, civic, industrial problems of our age, of making the synagogue inspirational once more to those waging the warfare of humanity. The Roman Catholic priest of this city who, during the past week, led the successful movement for the passage of a law by the state legislature penalizing the sale of cocaine without a physician's prescription, that priest, it appears to me, has rightly conceived the duty of the church, which is to be in every possible way and all the time the moral guardian and helper of men, watching over them to shield them from needless pitfalls and endowing them with strength at the same time to overcome the temptations of evil.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Next President.

An Englishman once wrote sarcastically, after a visit to this country, that he had come in a time of great political excitement, as it was just in the middle of the presidential term, and people, having just recovered from the last election, were greatly stirred up over the outcome of the next one. Allowing for exaggeration, that is much the condition today. It is practically conceded that the next president will be Republican, except for some tremendous blunder, and the question at issue is of course the continuance of the policy of Roosevelt. Its opponents represent two things—"big business" and personal ambition. "Big business" wants no more reforms to interfere with its work, legitimate or otherwise. Personal ambition seeks to discredit the administration, and men in harmony with it, as much as possible without cutting its own throat. Of course big business eggs on such squabbles as much as it may, in the hope that the candidates it hates most may be eliminated. Equally of course "big business" has no candidate of its own; its open support would be fatal to any man. But it hopes, by eliminating the aggressive reformers, to secure some harmless man in his place. There is not the remotest possibility that Fairbanks, Cannon or Foraker will be nominated. Such a choice would greatly endanger the election. But it is perfectly possible that their candidacy may defeat other men. That is why Foraker's campaign against Taft is deservedly of such deep interest to the whole nation. By defeating the endorsement of Taft in his own state Foraker may prevent his nomination, however widely he may be desired elsewhere, and however sure it may be that he would carry his own state, if nominated. The third term talk for Roosevelt has largely died down, its unwisdom having become apparent, and should Taft be eliminated the nomination of the comparatively untried Hughes seems assured. This gives no consolation to "big business". Their only hope is to down him also if Taft can be disposed of.

Root and Roosevelt.

No mention was made in the previous paragraph of Mr. Root as a presidential possibility, for the simple reason that the suspicion, whether deserved or not, of his too close affiliation with "big business" has put him out of the running. His reputation for ability and personal integrity stands very high, but every report from Washington tends to confirm the opinion that he would be anything but aggressive in the work of our national house-cleaning, and house-cleaning is what is called for just now. It is declared also that there has been serious disagreement between him and the president regarding the wisdom of the president's action in the Harriman controversy, and that his resignation may follow in consequence. It is not at all to Mr. Root's discredit that he should consider that action unwise, but that he should retire from his position on account of his difference of opinion on such a matter, quite outside of the affairs of his own department, would be the height of unwisdom, and would mean the end of his political career.

Iceland Wants a Flag.

The spirit of "nationalism" continues to assert itself. India has felt the stirrings of the spirit of self-assertion, and now from the opposite quarter of the globe comes the demand of the tiny population of Iceland for a flag of their own. The island has been a dependency of Denmark for over five hundred years, but is governed by Denmark about as much as Canada is by England. Still the Icelanders are distinct from the Danes, and want this mark of their distinction. They propose to wave their distinctive flag in the face of the king during his proposed visit to the island. In itself there would be no more harm in Iceland's having a flag than in the like case of Canada, which has one; but the movement apparently means the severance of one of the slender ties which binds the island to Denmark, and this foreshadows its becoming the dependency of some other power, probably England, which is nearer to it than Denmark, and with which it has important trade relations.

Cuban Perplexities.

The difficulty in bringing Cuba to any permanent form of self-government is illustrated by the perplexity in connection with its proposed army. To begin with, an army of twelve thousand men, which is the number planned for, is said to be greater than the island can raise, or officer when raised. But without such a force the island would be in constant disorder, while with it there would be a danger even greater of military domination, which would set up and pull down presidents at its will, and make the Spanish rule seem like the Golden Age. A middle course between these two dangers will be attempted, but a people which has been so elaborately mistrained as to be apparently incapable of taking in the idea of holding an honest election, has a dismal prospect before it in attempting to carry on self-government. Its best hope would be in the raising up of a ruler like Diaz, of Mexico, with powers considerably greater than are accorded to our own executive.

Addicks, the Gas Man.

Melodrama can hardly parallel the career of J. Edward Addicks. Starting as a day laborer, he made millions in scandalous gas deals, and nearly succeeded in buying his way into the senate from Delaware, corrupting the whole state for his purpose and keeping one senatorial chair empty, since he could not fill it himself. And now, but a year or two after being a money king and a political power of whom even the president took cognizance, he appears in the newspapers, probably for the last time, as jumping a board bill, which he had not money to pay. Poetic justice, but so perverse is human nature that the return to his former financial condition of one of the most disreputable men who was ever prominent in our affairs, brings something like a feeling of regret. This is sentimentalism, but no more so than our feeling of pity for Napoleon at St. Helena. But neither is it unlike the feeling which sends bouquets of roses to convicted murderers.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—In some great Heart of Love, and death's recall
Shall show us, by eternity made wise,
That Love Divine will justify them all.
MON.—The crocus and the violet are blooming,
The self-same flowers our earliest childhood knew.
TUES.—Tomorrow's faintest promise quickly stirs
Reviving hope; 'tis her cool hand that wipes
The burning tears from off Today's flushed cheek.
WED.—With the coming of the Spring
My days grow long and bright again.
THURS.—We will return and with fresh blossoms laden;
We are immortal and shall never die.
FRI.—Thy Heaven-appointed task leave in his hands
Who holds the planets on their circling way.
SAT.—Through all the lonely years we have to live,
Help us, who strive to say, "Thy will be done."
—*From Crocus and Wintergreen.*

The Bluebirds

'Twas a tiny place where the bluebirds built—
A rift in the heart of a sturdy tree;
But one was as snug as she could be,
And one on a neighboring branch a-tilt
Sang that his heart was satisfied
However the land might beckon, wide—
Caroled that well content was he!
It was love and hope that had made the nest,
Seeking and bringing with tireless wings
Spoils of grasses and twigs and strings
To weave for the brooding mother-breast.
It was love that hovered secure and warm
And hope that twittered through shine and storm
The secret of five little hidden things.

They had no fear that a grief would come;
They rocked with the breezes and heard the rain
Beat on the leaves a low refrain
Around the walls of their sheltered home.
They had done no wrong and they feared no wrong;
They had given the world their best—a song,
And they looked for good from the world again.
But there's room and to spare where the bluebirds built—
Quiet and desolation there,
And only a hush in the waiting air
Where the lilt and laugh of the music spilt;
Somewhere the stolen treasures are
Hid by the hands that were raised to mar—
And two little heart-broken birds somewhere.
—*Nannie Byrd Turner.*

Two Pleasant Roads.

The road that led to the schoolhouse was a straight road. When Constance stepped out from her front gate she could look down the broad, pleasant street and see other little girls starting out from their homes, and at the foot of the street the brown schoolhouse for which they were all bound.

There was another way to go to school. By going out the back gate and across the field, then through a shady wood of white birches and over a brook. Constance thought this much the nicer way to go to school; but mother liked the straight road, because then she could watch her little girl all the way.

The brook was bridged by a narrow plank, which "gave" in the center; that is, it would bend down toward the water when Constance jumped up and down on it, and then spring back into place.

Usually Constance would ask, "May I go to school over the brook this morning, mother?" And usually Mrs. Gray would reply, "Not this morning, my dear." But now and then she would smile and say, "Will my little girl be very careful?" And then Constance would go happily off across the field.

One morning, when Mrs. Gray was very busy, Constance did not ask, but started off toward the brook. It was a morning in early spring, and there were pleasant things to see. The violets were in blossom along by the fences, and the willows were showing a delicate green as they leaned over the brook.

When Constance came near the brook she saw a little circle in the water, exactly as if a pebble had been dropped in. As Constance looked, another ripple came across the smooth water, and she caught a glimpse of something dark and shining, with flecks of color. "A trout!" exclaimed the little girl. "A truly trout!" and she went out on the narrow board as carefully as possible. When she reached the center, where the plank "gave," she stopped and looked eagerly down at the sandy bottom of the brook, hoping for another sight of the shining fish. She leaned over just a trifle too far, and splash! and there was a little girl in the water and a frightened trout scurrying toward the shore.

It was a shallow little stream, and Constance easily waded ashore, her gingham dress all wet and dripping, and her pretty tan shoes all dark and soggy with water. She went back through the pretty wood and down across the field and in at the back door, and stood before her mother.

"The brook!" exclaimed her mother.

"Oh, yes!" wailed Constance.

But mother smiled, and hurried her into dry stockings and shoes and a fresh gingham dress, and went down to the front gate with her, and stood watching the little girl till she was safe in the schoolhouse door.

Constance looked back along the pleasant street to where her mother stood at the gate. "Oh, dear me!" she whispered to herself. "I don't see why I ever thought the brook was the pleasantest way to school when I can see my mother this way by just looking for her," and waving her hand toward the front gate, Constance went in to school.—*Alice Turner Curtis.*

Things Worth Having

President Eliot, of Harvard College, does not often speak to girls. At a recent opening of a new art gallery at Abbot Academy at Andover, Mass., he gave the address to the assembled young women. His subject was "The Durable Satisfactions of Life." It is interesting to note that he spoke on a similar topic when he welcomed the freshmen to Harvard a year ago. He apparently thinks the desirable possessions in this world are much the same for girls as for boys.

He puts first on his list of fundamental satisfactions, health, especially that soundness of the nervous system which enables one to bear stress and fatigue, and which lends courage for the battle of life.

Next to health, he ranks the privilege of good intellectual training, with its acquirement of the power of concentration, and its tendency to bring all the faculties and abilities of a woman into subjection to her will.

He sets high among the products of education the skill of the senses. The eye, the ear and the hand are developed by practice. For women, especially, the enrichment and training of the senses should conduce to new delight in beauty. Whether in nature or in art, the trained mind discerns charms and secrets invisible to the untrained one.

"What a happiness," he exclaims, "to live in a farmhouse in New England where the elms overshadow the house and the maples are planted along the driveway!"

He adds as the climax to his list of "durable satisfactions" "the joys, hopes, anxieties, fears and blessings of the home"—these all crowned and glorified by the religion of service.—*Exchange.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

PEACE SUGGESTIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Chicago has had another peace meeting, mention of which may well find place in these foreign notes, since Mr. W. T. Stead was the principal speaker, and his plan for a peace pilgrimage embraced the peoples of two continents, with The Hague conference as a final goal and the whole wide world as the beneficiary. The auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association was well filled on this occasion, but quite a number were there only through some happy accident, and many more would have been present had the announcement been more widely extended. Before reaching home after this most interesting and enthusiastic meeting, several friends were met who would have made a special effort to be there had they known at all what was going on. Soon or late, we hope, Chicago will have a peace meeting planned long enough in advance and so thoroughly advertised that it will be a really great popular demonstration. Signs are not wanting that more people thinking earnestly along these lines than generally supposed, and only wait leaders and an opportunity to make their combined interest effective.

But to return to Mr. Stead; it was a great satisfaction to see and hear him, not alone for the inherent force and value of what he said, but to readjust distorted impressions of his attitude obtained from the newspapers. His facial expression and manner were full of half-pathetic suggestiveness to one who had never seen him before but who knew something of his career and his writings; one can never quite take the newspaper point of view again.

Briefly summarized, Mr. Stead's aim at the present time is this: to unite the people of all nations in one great universal demand for the strengthening and enforcing of that article of the original Hague convention which aimed at the prevention of war without declaration or war, or without an attempt at peaceful settlement of the points at issue by the help of two friendly mediators, the nation refusing to ask or to accept such friendly mediation to be boycotted by the other powers by the refusal of all loans to carry on the war; its exports and imports to be treated as *ipso facto* contraband of war.

To impressively and imperatively voice this demand he proposes his "peace pilgrimage" to be headed by twelve representative Americans (nine men and three women) to devote one month to a tour of the countries of Europe preaching this new crusade of "War against war. The twelve Americans to go first to Great Britain, where, under the present government, nothing is surer than they would receive a warm welcome and be promptly joined by twelve representatives chosen by the English people. Hither, too, would come twelve representatives from Scandinavia (four each from Sweden, Norway and Denmark respectively). These thirty-six to go next to France, thence to Rome, Madrid, Budapest, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Brussels and, lastly, The Hague, where they would arrive more than 120 strong and would certainly prove a not less august assembly than that of the officially appointed representatives of the governments. Their program with such a popular mandate behind it could not fail to command attention and would put life and enthusiasm into the official conference.

For the financing and inaugurating of this great popular demonstration Mr. Stead is appealing largely to the young men of America: the students of Harvard, Yale and other universities, the Christian Endeavorers, the Y. M. C. A., etc. In these quarters his appeal has been received with enthusiasm. It was here in Chicago this (Sunday) afternoon, and active support of the plan was promised. If, as is generally understood, the meeting at The Hague is to open June 15, the time is full short for the organization of this great enterprise. Let us hope that the enthusiasm will not be allowed to cool, but that the organizer will follow the prophet. And let it not be a work of the young men only; give us all a chance. It is the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, sweethearts, who suffer when war comes. Look at South Africa! Mr. Stead referred briefly, by way of illustration, to his own experiences at the time of the Boer war. UNITY readers certainly know something of conditions in "Boerland" since

(*Continued on page* 143.)

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JULY 14—AUGUST 28

PROGRAMME

Sunday, July 14. Opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "The Power of Poetry."

Daily except Saturday, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Nature studies and out-of-door work. Arranged by the president of the Summer School, T. R. Lloyd Jones, superintendent of schools, Wauwatosa, Wis., to whom apply for further particulars.

11:15-12:15 m. Fourth year work in the seven-year course in the study of religions. "The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament"—the Hebrew religion meeting the classical world. The study will reach from Alexander the Great to Seneca and Epictetus and will consider the Apocryphal and other Jewish writings of the period. The list of books published below indicates the range of the lessons and the books that will be in the hands of Mr. Jones, the leader. A copy of the Apocrypha, Revised Version, is the only book that need be in the student's hands.

8 p. m. Lectures and readings in sociology, poetry, etc., Ruskin's "Time and Tide," Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," with excursions into Whitman and current poetry.

Afternoons and Saturdays will be free for resting, reading, riding, walking, at the pleasure of the individual.

MINISTERS' RETREAT—August 4-9.

The regular program will be suspended and the week will be spent in such free intercourse, communion and consultation as may be planned by the ministers and teachers in attendance. The informal program will be in charge of Rev. C. A. Osborne, secretary Congress of Religion.

WOMAN'S MEETING.

A Congress of Woman's Clubs will be held during the session of the Summer School, beginning Tuesday night and continuing to Sunday evening. Dates and program to be announced later. For further particulars enquire of the committee appointed by the very successful meeting of last year: Mrs. Clinton DeWitt, Platteville, Wis.; Miss L. E. Stearns, secretary of Wisconsin Free Library Association; Mrs. Richard H. Jones, Hillsdale, Wis.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.

There will be three Sunday gatherings, viz.: Opening Sunday of the Summer School, the Ministers' Retreat Sunday and the Women's Congress Sunday, at which there will be speaking morning and afternoon, with dinner from baskets or in the dining hall.

READING LIST

The following list of reference books is printed for the benefit of students attending. Those starred are the most important. For further information inquire at the Lincoln Centre Shop, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

The Course in Religion. Fourth year in the Seven Years' Course. The Hebrew Religion Meeting the Classical World; or, The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament.

*The Apocrypha, revised version; 60c and $1.25.
*The Assumption of Moses. London. $2.50.
*The Apocalypse of Baruch. London. $2.50.
*The Book of Enoch. Andover. $1.50.
*The Book of the Secrets of Enoch. Oxford.
*Josephus.
*Philo, four vols. (Bohn Library.)
*Sibylline Oracles, translated by Milton S. Terry. (Methodist Book Concern.)
*Seneca, any edition.
*Epictetus, any edition.
*Farrar's "Seekers After God."
*The Blank Leaf Between the Old and New Testament; or, The Non-Biblical Jewish Writings; abstracts of class room talk; Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (Unity Publishing Company.) 25c.
*Churton's "Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scripture." London. Must be imported.
Bissell's Commentary on the Apocrypha, in the Lange series. (Scribner's.) $3.
Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile." (Putnam.) $1.50.
*Cornill's "History of the People of Israel." (Open Court.) $1.50.
*Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading." Part II. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
Messages of the Later Prophets. Sanders & Kent. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
Any standard history of the Jews for this period.
Schurer's, 5 vols., $8; Greatz's, 6 vols., $9; Renan's, 5 vols., $7.50.
W. J. Deane's "Pseudepigrapha." (Rare.)
"The Bible for Learners," 2 vols.; $1.50 per vol.
Kuenen's "Religion of Israel." Vol. III.

Sociology.
John Ruskin's "Time and Tide." POETRY.
"Twenty-five Letters to a Working Man of Sunderland."
Robert Browning's Balaustion's Adventure.
Whitman's Poems.

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Spring Green, the station by which Tower Hill is reached, is on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, thirty-five miles west of Madison and 218 miles from Chicago. Tower Hill is on the summer resort list and round trip tickets at reduced rates will be obtainable from Chicago from May 15 to October 15.

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the war, and of what one devoted English woman has done to relieve them. Think of the years that have elapsed since that war! Yet I am informed that Miss Hobhouse has just landed in England, having come from South Africa, with General Botha, for three weeks, to plead her cause and make the sad plight of the Boers today known in her own country.

In Switzerland and elsewhere a certain amount of hostility to the peace movement and to the peace societies has developed by a confounding of their attitude with that of the anti-militarists. The Swiss pacifists have been taking paints to explain that their interest in the limitation of armaments is not equivalent to an adoption of the principle of non-resistance, and that they will always be ready to defend the fatherland and to vote the necessary credits for that purpose.

From South Africa, on the other hand, comes a proposition for the organization of a new national service, in which anti-militarists and citizens desirous of laboring more effectively for the material well-being of their country may enrol themselves for the carrying out of works of public utility. This new "engineering corps" might be employed in the construction of roads, the straightening of rivers and other national undertakings, which could thus be carried out at a considerable saving to the state. It would give the anti-militarists an opportunity to show that they are willing to help their country, only not under arms. It is pointed out that such a corps of public servants would be particularly valuable in colonial lands, and the governor of South Africa has expressed his warm interest in the suggestion.

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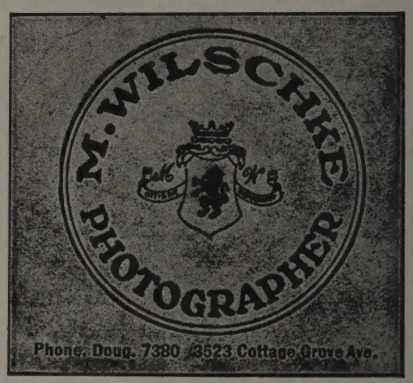

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